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TALES FROM THE CRYPT®

FEATURING...

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

JACK DAVIS

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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! *MENACE*, ANYONE? *FINE!* YOU'VE COME TO THE *RIGHT CREEP-COURT*, 'CAUSE *THAT'S MY RACKET!* AH, YOUR OLD *CRYPT-KEEPER* IS JUST *FLOWING* WITH *FRIGHT* TODAY. HOW ABOUT GOING FOR A *RIDE?* I'LL *DRIVE YOU NUTS.* *READY?* THEN WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, I'LL *START OFF* MY *MORBID MAG* WITH AN *ICKY ISLAND STORY* OF A *STARVING SAILOR* AND A *RAVENOUS RAT.* I *CALL* THIS *HIDEOUSLY HORRIBLE HUNK OF HISTORY...*

TELESCOPE

THE S.S. BRAMWELL WAS NO MATCH FOR THE VIOLENT SOUTH SEA TEMPEST. THE MIGHTY WIND HURLED HER UPON A REEF AND SHE FOUNDERED IN EIGHT FATHOMS OF BRINY BLUE. SOON, THE STORM WAS SPENT, THE SHIP GONE, AND THERE REMAINED BUT ONE HUMAN SURVIVOR... A SEAMAN... ERIC WALFORD. HE CLUNG DESPERATELY TO A FLOATING PLANK TILL IT REACHED THE SHALLOWS OFF A SMALL CORAL ISLE. THEN, HALF-CONSCIOUS, HE CRAWLED TO THE SANDY SHORE...

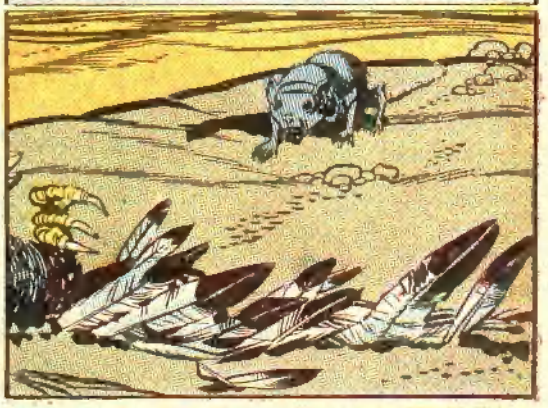
BUT ERIC WAS NOT THE *ONLY* SURVIVOR. A RAT.. HALF-DROWNED AND FRIGHTENED... HAD CLUNG TO THE OTHER END OF THE SAME PLANK. AND NOW IT, TOO, STRUGGLED ASHORE.
THE RAT AND THE MAN WERE THE ONLY LIFE ON THIS DESERT ISLE. NOT A TREE... NOT A PLANT...NOT A BLADE OF GRASS GREW ON THIS BARREN CORAL ROCK. IT WAS FIVE ACRES OF NOTHING...
FOR A LONG TIME, ERIC LAY IN THE BLISTERING SUN, EXHAUSTED. THEN, FEELING A TERRIBLE THIRST, HE SOUGHT OUT AND FOUND A SMALL PUDDLE LEFT BY THE STORM IN A SHALLOW DEPRESSION ON TOP OF A CORAL ROCK. HE DRANK GREEDILY...
WHEN HE HAD SLACKED HIS THIRST, ERIC LOOKED UP SUDDENLY, SENSING THAT HE WAS BEING WATCHED. HE STARTED, HIS THROAT CHOKED WITH A RISING GORGE. THE GREAT GREY SHIP'S RAT WAS WATCHING HIM WITH IT'S BEADY GLITTERING EYES...
CHOKE...
ERIC BACKED AWAY. THE RAT SCURRIED FORWARD TO THE TINY POOL AND DRANK. ERIC'S FACE WENT WRY WITH DISGUST...
UGGH! THERE'S WATER I'LL *NEVER* TOUCH AGAIN!
THE CASTAWAYS... THE MAN AND THE RAT... KEPT SOME DISTANCE APART. AND YET, THEY SHARED A COMMON LONELINESS. EACH FOUND AT LEAST A LITTLE COMFORT IN SEEING THE OTHER NEAR...
THOROUGHLY EXHAUSTED, BOTH SLEPT THE NIGHT THROUGH. IT WASN'T UNTIL THEY AWOKE THE FOLLOWING MORNING THAT THEY FELT THE FIRST SHARP PANGS OF HUNGER. ERIC SEARCHED THE ENTIRE BEACH...
BLAST IT! NOT EVEN A SHRIMP OR A CRAB!

THE RAT, TOO, SNIFFED EVERY INCH OF THE ISLAND BUT FOUND NOTHING TO SATISFY ITS GROWING APPETITE. SOON, THE MAN AND THE RAT FACED EACH OTHER WITH A DIFFERENT LOOK IN THEIR EYES... A HUNGRY LOOK...
THAT DAY, HUNGER GNAWED AT THE SURVIVORS' INNARDS, AND WHEN NIGHT CAME AGAIN, ERIC SLEPT RESTLESSLY. SUDDENLY, HE SAT UP WITH A START...
SOMETHING'S NEAR ME... WATCHING ME...
IN THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT THAT BATHED THE ISLAND, ERIC SAW THE RAT... TEN FEET AWAY... STARING AT HIM... STARING GREEDILY. HE SHUDDERED...
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU FLEA-RIDDEN VERMIN!
THE DUSK-GREY RODENT DREW BACK ITS LIPS IN A FIERCE SNARL. THE CASTAWAY SEAMAN HURLED A HANDFUL OF SAND AT IT...
FILTHY DEVIL!
THE RAT FLED. ERIC SLEPT NO MORE THAT NIGHT AND HIS VIGILANCE WAS REWARDED. SEVERAL TIMES THE RAT CAME CLOSE...
HAVE A CARE, MY SNEAKIN' LITTLE FRIEND. BY TOMORROW, I MAY BE LESS PARTICULAR WHAT I EAT MYSELF!
THE NEXT MORNING, ERIC SAW HIS SOLE LIVING COMPANION GLUTTING ITSELF ON DRY SEAWEED THAT HAD BEEN WASHED ASHORE. THE SEAMAN SWALLOWED A MOUTHFUL. THEN, HE AND THE RAT REGURGITATED THE FOUL MESS AT THE SAME TIME...
OOOGH! I... CHOKE... I COULD NEVER KEEP THAT SLIME DOWN.
ERIC'S MOUTH AND THROAT WERE DRIER THAN EVER NOW. HIS LIPS WERE PARCHED AND CRACKED. HIS HUNGER PAINED HIM. IT WAS LATER THAT SAME MORNING THAT SEVERAL OUTRIGGER BOATS APPEARED OFFSHORE, MANNED BY NATIVES FISHING WITH NETS. ERIC SHOUTED HOARSELY AT THEM AND WAVED HIS ARMS...
HELP! HELP! FOR GOD'S SAKE... GET ME OFF THIS CURSED CHUNK OF HADES!

THERE WAS A SUDDEN FLURRY OF EXCITEMENT AMONG THE NATIVE FISHERMAN... MUCH CHATTERING AND POINTING AT THE LONELY FIGURE ON THE BEACH...
WITH FEAR IN THEIR EYES FOR "THE ISLAND DEVIL," THEY FEVERISHLY HAULED IN THEIR NETS...
...AND PADDLED SWIFTLY AWAY, LEAVING ERIC WITH NOTHING BEFORE HIM BUT THE BROAD EXPANSE OF TORQUOISE SEA. NUMB WITH DISAPPOINTMENT, HE SANK TO THE SAND...
I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I... SOB... I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
FINALLY, HIS THIRST COMPELLING HIM, ERIC CRAWLED BACK TO THE CORAL ROCK TO DRINK FROM THE TINY POOL, NO LONGER CARING THAT THE RAT HAD DRUNK THERE TOO...
DRY! CHOKE... THE SUN EVAPORATED IT!
THE RAT, TOO, CAME TO INVESTIGATE THE DRIED-UP DEPRESSION. ERIC HURLED A ROCK AT IT... ANGRILY... DESPERATELY. HE MISSED...
NEXT TIME, I'LL GET YOU!
TOO WEAK TO PURSUE HIS PREY, ERIC STOOD CROAKING AFTER THE RAT AS IT CRAWLED AWAY...
YOU'LL MAKE A FINE BELLYFUL... A REAL FEAST!
THAT AFTERNOON, A SMALL SEA GULL SOARED OVERHEAD, DROPPING A FISH FROM ITS BEAK. AS THE BIRD SWOOPED TO RECOVER ITS PRIZE, ERIC FLUNG A ROCK AT IT WITH ALL OF HIS REMAINING STRENGTH...
I HIT HIM! FOOD! FOOD AT LAST!
THEN, ERIC SLUMPED WEAKLY TO THE HOT WHITE SAND...
4

THE BIRD LAY DEAD NEAR THE WATER'S EDGE WITH ITS HALF-SWALLOWED MORSEL. ERIC SUFFERED A PLEASURE-ABLE AGONY AS HE INCHED TOWARD HIS WAITING MEAL...

BUT THE OTHER CASTAWAY SAW THIS PLUMP FEATHERED PRIZE AND, DRIVEN BY THE NAGGING PAINS OF HUNGER IN ITS BELLY, THE RAT, TOO, CRAWLED WEAKLY TOWARD THE FALLEN GULL...

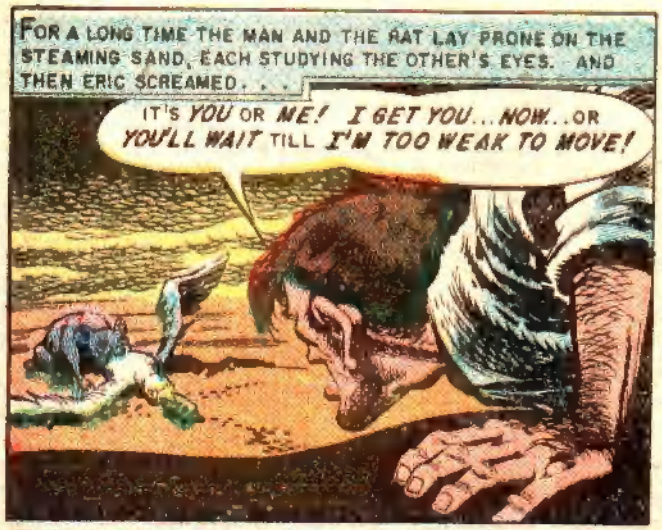


NOW ERIC SAW THE RAT, AND THE RAT SAW ERIC. EACH STRAINED MOVEMENT BENEATH THAT FLESH-ROASTING SUN WAS A TORMENT FOR BOTH CREATURES...THE MAN.. THE RAT... AND ERIC WEPT TO SEE HIS GRIZZLED RIVAL MOVE AHEAD OF HIM...

THE RAT WAS THERE NOW, NOT TAKING THE TIME TO SNIFF OR TEAR AT ITS FOOD, BUT GULPING AT THE BIRD, SWALLOWING IT WHOLE...

AND AT THE SAME TIME, ERIC HAD CLOSED THE GAP SO THAT THERE WAS BUT A SHORT YARD BETWEEN THEM. WITH ENORMOUS EFFORT, ERIC RAISED HIMSELF, THEN FELL FORWARD, TRYING TO CATCH HIS ENEMY...

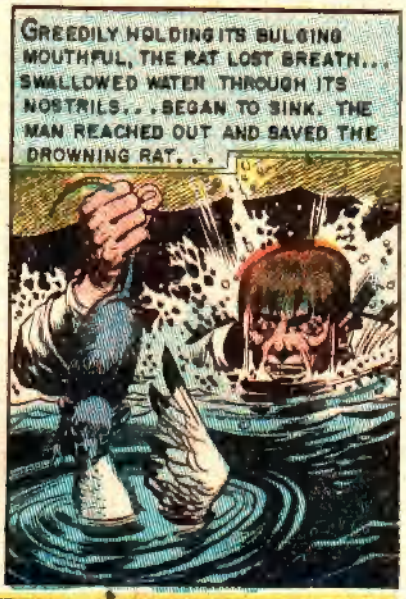
FINDING STRENGTH IN FEAR, THE RAT LEAPED ASIDE, SO THAT ERIC'S FINGERS JUST BRUSHED ITS SHORT-HAIRED DUSKY FUR...

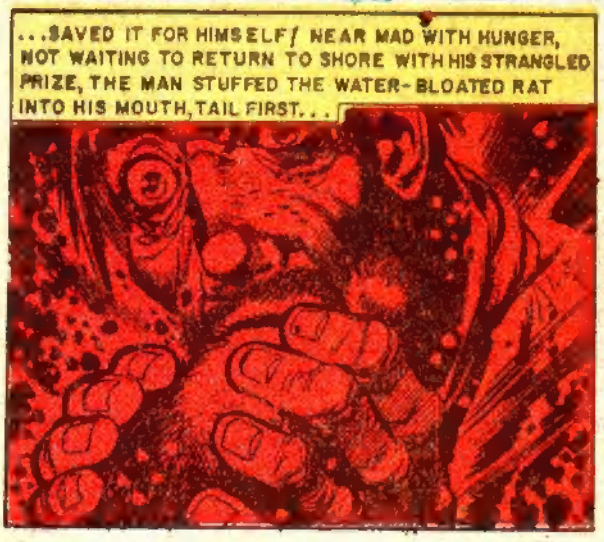

FOR A LONG TIME THE MAN AND THE RAT LAY PRONE ON THE STEAMING SAND, EACH STUDYING THE OTHER'S EYES. AND THEN ERIC SCREAMED. . .
IT'S YOU OR ME! I GET YOU...NOW...OR YOU'LL WAIT TILL I'M TOO WEAK TO MOVE!

THE FAMISHED SEAMAN STRUGGLED TO HIS KNEES, RENEWING HIS SLOW CREEPING PURSUIT. THE RAT BACKED AWAY WEAKLY. . .
THEN YOU'LL EAT OUT MY EYEBALLS AND THE FLESH OFF MY FACE! YOU'LL EAT SLOW SO I'LL LAST...

THERE WAS NO TIME FOR THE RAT TO SWALLOW IT'S STILL WARM BIRD. LEAVING TINY THREE-PRONGED MARKS IN THE WET SAND, IT BACKED SLOWLY INTO THE SEA. . .
WELL, IT'S NOT GOIN' T' BE ME! IT'S GOIN' TO BE YOU!

THE RAT TURNED IN THE WATER, NOT GIVING UP ITS PREY, AND STARTED SWIMMING FROM THE ISLAND. ERIC CRAWLED INTO THE WATER AFTER IT, SWIMMING WITH LIMPLY CHURNING ARMS. . .


GREEDILY HOLDING ITS BULGING MOUTHFUL, THE RAT LOST BREATH... SWALLOWED WATER THROUGH ITS NOSTRILS. . . BEGAN TO SINK. THE MAN REACHED OUT AND SAVED THE DROWNING RAT. . .


...SAVED IT FOR HIMSELF! NEAR MAD WITH HUNGER, NOT WAITING TO RETURN TO SHORE WITH HIS STRANGLED PRIZE, THE MAN STUFFED THE WATER-BLOATED RAT INTO HIS MOUTH, TAIL FIRST. . .

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A SLEEK BLACK FIN CUT ITS WAY THROUGH THE BLUE, SLICING SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY TOWARD ITS FLOATING HUMAN QUARRY. . .

THE GREAT HUNGRY SHARK CLOSED IN WITH HUGE JAWS AGAPE, THE DOUBLE ROW OF RIPSAW TEETH READY AND EAGER TO TEAR. IT CAME UP BEHIND ERIC...
A VIOLENT TURBULENCE FOLLOWED... A THRASHING AND A SPLASHING OF FOAMY BRINE. THE NATIVE OUTRIGGERS APPEARED THEN, BRAWNY ARMS RYTHMICALLY THRUSTING PADDLES...
THEY'D RETURNED WITH THEIR CHIEF TO WORSHIP THE ISLAND GOD. INSTEAD, THEY SAW THE VICIOUS TIGER OF THE SEA. THE POWERFUL POLYNESIANS GRABBED UP SHORT, SHARP GAFFS. ONE NATIVE KNELT, HIS SPEAR POISED... THEN LET IT FLY...
HE STRUCK THE BRUTE SQUARELY... UNDER THE SPINE. THERE FOLLOWED A FURIOUS THRASHING AS THE OTHERS HOOKED THEIR GAFFS INTO THE WOUNDED KILLER SHARK AND HEAVED IT ONBOARD AND STOOD GAWKING...
...GAWKING AT THE STILL, DEAD DENIZEN OF THE DEEP. FOR STICKING OUT OF ITS TOOTH-LINED MOUTH WAS THE UNSWALLOWED HEAD OF ERIC WALFORD... AND OUT OF ERIC'S MOUTH, THE HEAD OF THE BEADY-EYED RAT... AND OUT OF THE RAT'S MOUTH, THE GULL'S HEAD... AND OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE GULL PROTRUDED THE HEAD OF THE TINY FISH...
HEH, HEH! SO NONE OF THEM QUITE FINISHED THEIR MEAL, EH, KIDDIES? WELL, LEARN A LESSON FROM THIS LITTLE SCREAM-STORY! NEVER BITE OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN SWALLOW! SOMEBODY MIGHT GET AHEAD OF YOU. AND NOW THAT THE PETRIFYING PACE HAS BEEN SET, THE VAULT-KEEPER AWAITS WITH HIS YELP-YARN... A NIGHTMARISH TALE OF MANIACAL MURDER. I'LL DIG YOU LATER WITH ANOTHER GRAVE TALE OF TERROR. TILL THEN, LET ME LEAVE YOU WITH THIS MORBID THOUGHT. DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKS UNTIL THEY'RE HATCHETED! 'BYE NOW!

E.C. WENT TO SEA

IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER NEW TREND...

AND WE CAME UP WITH...

SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

NOW YOU SEARCH FOR IT!

BUT IF YOU *CAN'T FIND PIRACY* AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF CENT* (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LANDLUBBERS!), TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 106
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, BILGE RATS! YOU SHANGHAIED ME! I ENCLOSE $1.00 FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES OF *PIRACY!*

NAME _____

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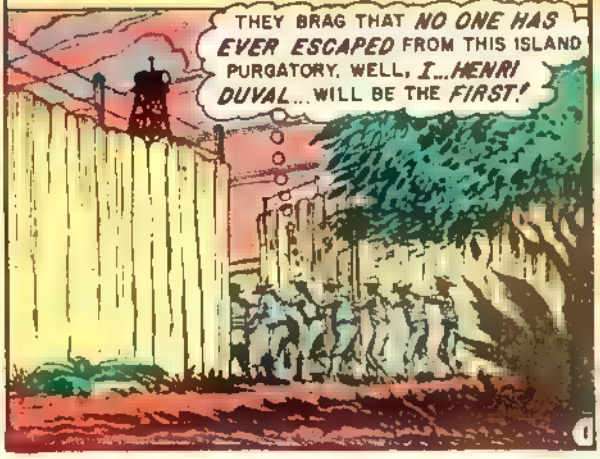
HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL SAMPLE OF ESCAPE LITERATURE CALLED...

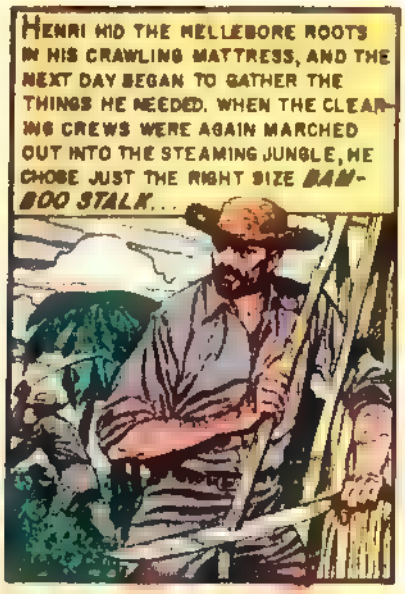
THE SUBSTITUTE

FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS, HENRI DUVAL HAD SUFFERED THE EQUATORIAL HEAT AND THE BLAZING SUN AND THE TORTURED LABORS OF THE FRENCH PENAL COLONY... AND ALL BECAUSE HE'D POISONED THE HUSBAND OF THE WOMAN HE'D LOVED. FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS, HE'D SWEATED AND SLAVED AT THE IMPOSSIBLE TASK OF HACKING CLEARINGS INTO THAT JUNGLE ISLAND... AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK, FOR NO SOONER HAD A TRACT BEEN CLEARED THAN THE RELENTLESS TROPICAL OVERGROWTH CLOSED AGAIN LIKE A GREEN TIDE. BUT THIS WAS THE PUNISHMENT FOR MURDER AND HENRI WAS FORCED TO UNDERGO ITS RIGORS, LEFT ONLY TO DREAM OF COOL PARIS AND COOL WINE AND THE COOL LIPS OF A WOMAN. AND THEN, ONE DAY, HE DISCOVERED THE HERB...

HENRI WAS AN *EXPERT* ON POISONS. AND HE *KNEW* HELLEBORE... THE HERB WITH THE ROOT STOCK THAT YIELDED THE POISONOUS GLUCOSIDE, *HELLEBORIN*. HE IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED THE PLANT AND TORE IT FROM THE SPONGY JUNGLE FLOOR, STUFFING THE SHORT ROOTS INTO HIS BLOUSE...

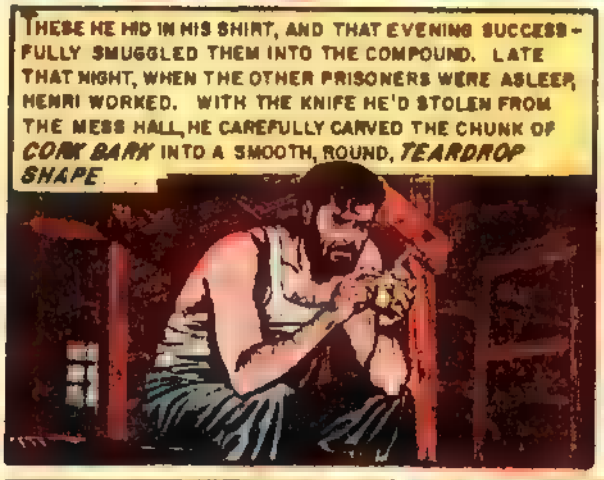
WHEN THE BLAZING EQUATORIAL SUN HAD SUNK INTO THE WESTERN SKY AND THE EXHAUSTED BEDRAGGLED PRISONERS HAD BEEN MARCHED BACK INTO THE PENAL COLONY COMPOUND, HENRI DUVAL HAD MADE HIS PLANS.

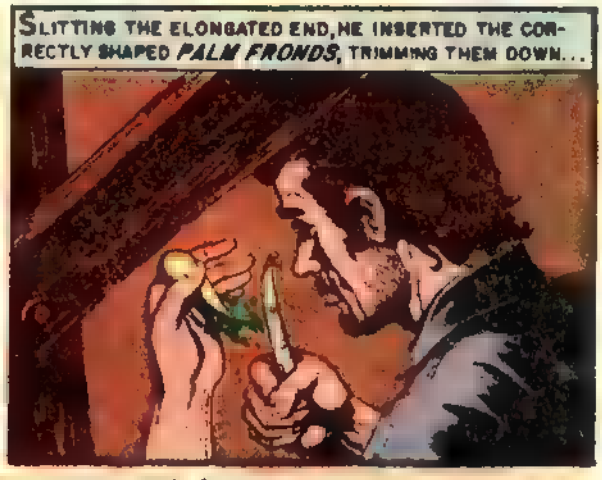



HENRI HID THE HELLEBORE ROOTS IN HIS CRAWLING MATTRESS, AND THE NEXT DAY BEGAN TO GATHER THE THINGS HE NEEDED. WHEN THE CLEARING CREWS WERE AGAIN MARCHED OUT INTO THE STEAMING JUNGLE, HE CHOSE JUST THE RIGHT SIZE *BAMBOO STALK*...

CAREFULLY HE GATHERED JUST THE RIGHT SHAPE *PALM FRONDS*...

AND WHEN THE GUARD WASN'T LOOKING, HE HACKED JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF *CORK BARK*...

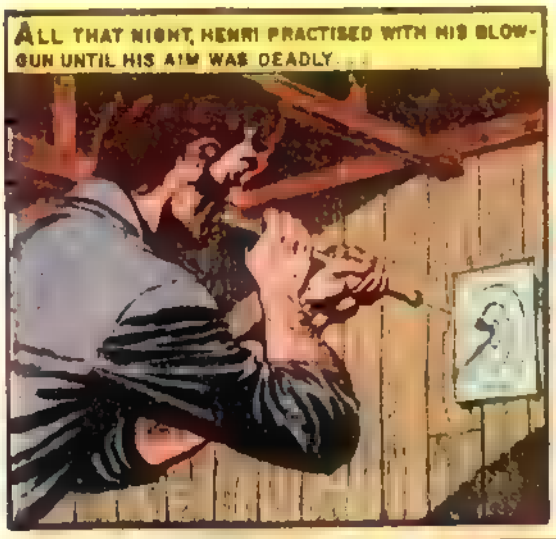

THESE HE HID IN HIS SHIRT, AND THAT EVENING SUCCESSFULLY SMUGGLED THEM INTO THE COMPOUND. LATE THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE OTHER PRISONERS WERE ASLEEP, HENRI WORKED. WITH THE KNIFE HE'D STOLEN FROM THE MESS HALL, HE CAREFULLY CARVED THE CHUNK OF *CORK BARK* INTO A SMOOTH, ROUND, *TEARDROP SHAPE*...

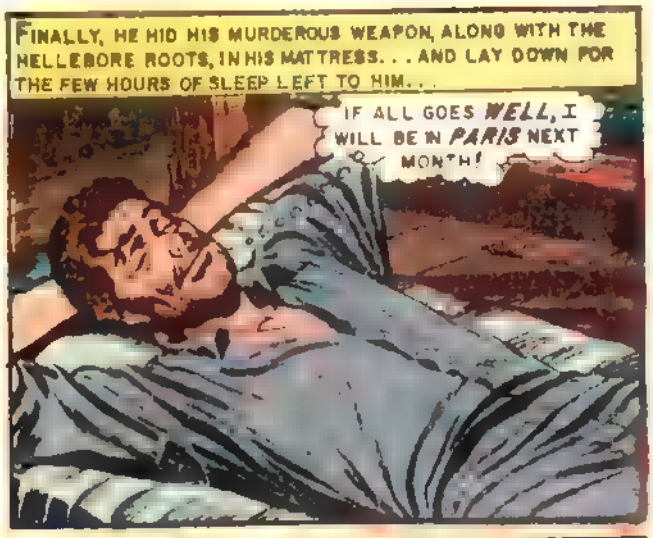

SLITTING THE ELONGATED END, HE INSERTED THE CORRECTLY SHAPED *PALM FRONDS*, TRIMMING THEM DOWN...

NEXT, INTO THE BULBOUS END OF THE CORK TEARDROP, HE INSERTED THE *NEEDLE* HE'D TAKEN FROM A FELLOW PRISONER'S SEWING KIT...

AND... *VOILA!*... HENRI HAD FASHIONED AN *ACCURATE DART*... A DART THAT WOULD BE *POISONED*...

... AND *BLOWN* THROUGH THE *HOLLOW BAMBOO STALK* HE'D CUT...

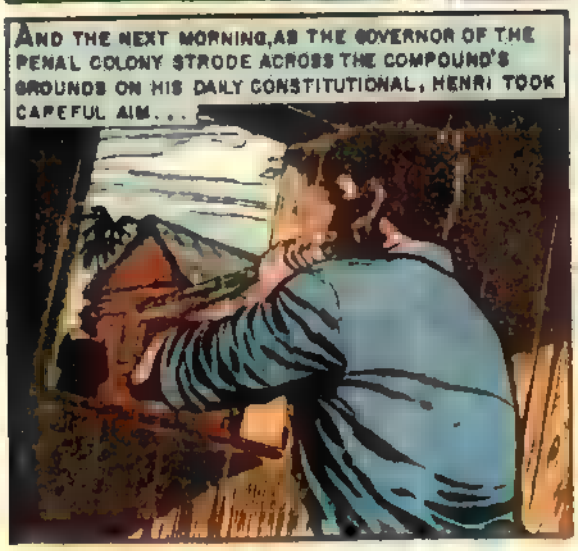

ALL THAT NIGHT, HENRI PRACTISED WITH HIS BLOW-GUN UNTIL HIS AIM WAS DEADLY...


FINALLY, HE HID HIS MURDEROUS WEAPON, ALONG WITH THE HELLEBORE ROOTS, IN HIS MATTRESS... AND LAY DOWN FOR THE FEW HOURS OF SLEEP LEFT TO HIM...
IF ALL GOES WELL, I WILL BE IN PARIS NEXT MONTH!

THE NEXT DAY, HENRI FOUND TWO FLAT ROCKS AND SMUGGLED THEM BACK INTO THE COMPOUND AS HE HAD DONE WITH THE OTHER THINGS...

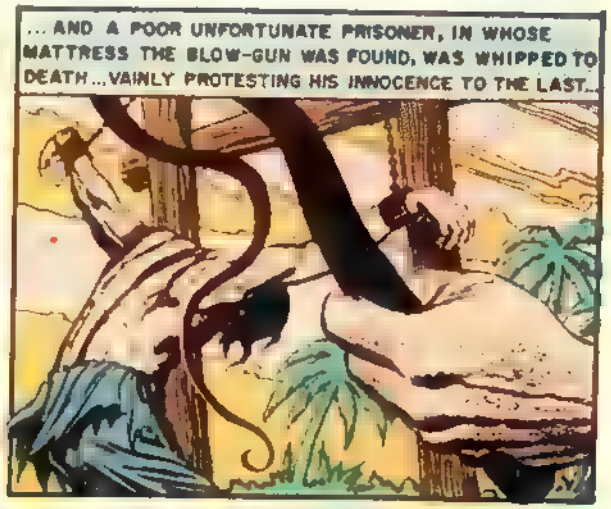
THAT NIGHT, HE GROUND DOWN THE HELLEBORE ROOTS, CAREFULLY CATCHING THE JUICE THAT RAN FROM THE PULVERIZED MEAT IN A TIN CUP...

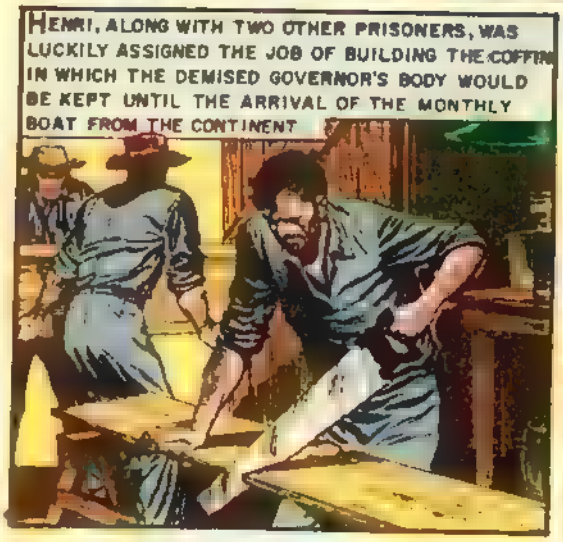
THEN HE DIPPED HIS DART-NEEDLE INTO THE HIGHLY TOXIC POISON

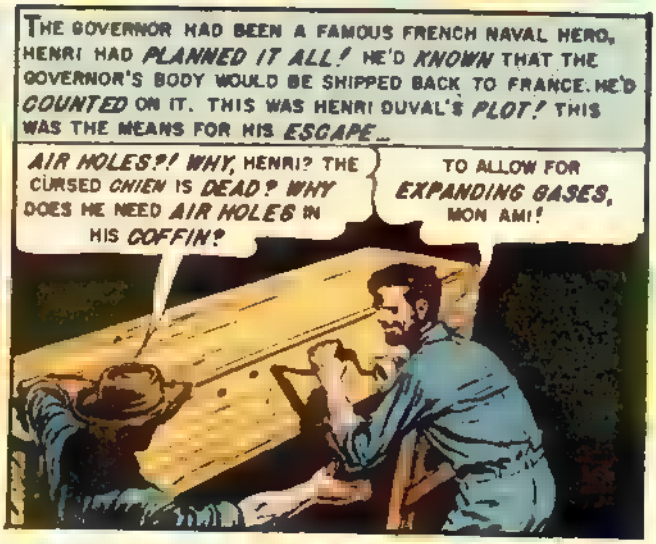

AND THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE GOVERNOR OF THE PENAL COLONY STRODE ACROSS THE COMPOUND'S GROUNDS ON HIS DAILY CONSTITUTIONAL, HENRI TOOK CAREFUL AIM...

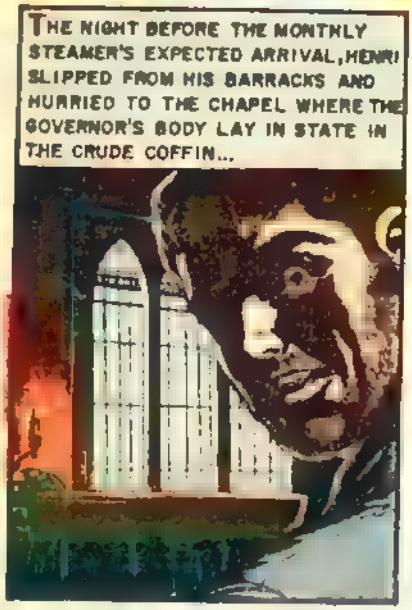
...AND LET FLY HIS LETHAL MISSILE...
MON DIEU!

BY NIGHTFALL, THE GOVERNOR WAS DEAD...


...AND A POOR UNFORTUNATE PRISONER, IN WHOSE MATTRESS THE BLOW-GUN WAS FOUND, WAS WHIPPED TO DEATH...VAINLY PROTESTING HIS INNOCENCE TO THE LAST...

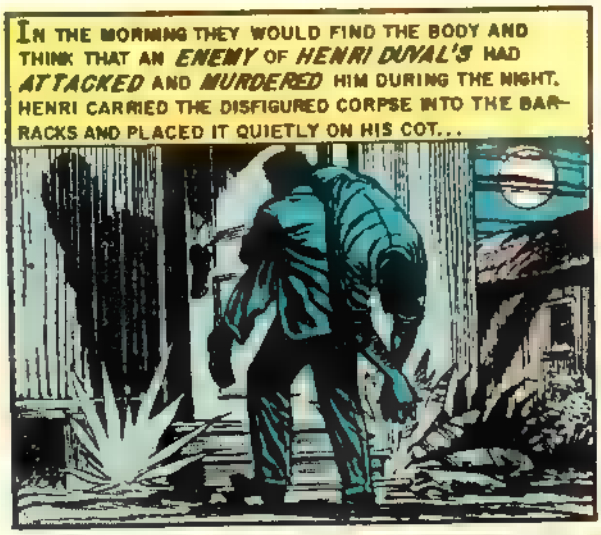

HENRI, ALONG WITH TWO OTHER PRISONERS, WAS LUCKILY ASSIGNED THE JOB OF BUILDING THE COFFIN IN WHICH THE DEMISED GOVERNOR'S BODY WOULD BE KEPT UNTIL THE ARRIVAL OF THE MONTHLY BOAT FROM THE CONTINENT

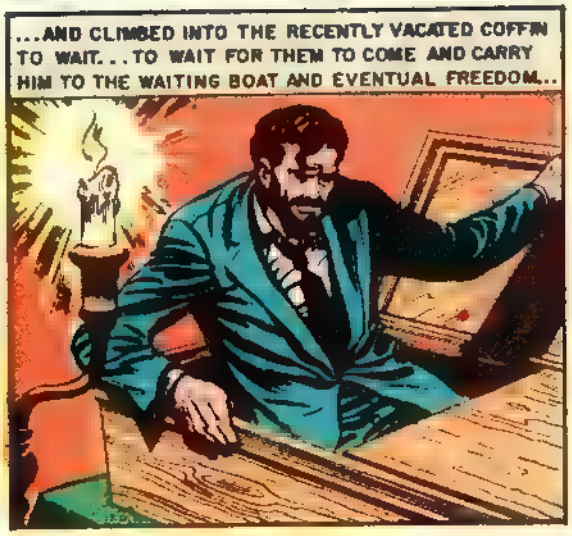

THE GOVERNOR HAD BEEN A FAMOUS FRENCH NAVAL HERO, HENRI HAD PLANNED IT ALL! HE'D KNOWN THAT THE GOVERNOR'S BODY WOULD BE SHIPPED BACK TO FRANCE. HE'D COUNTED ON IT. THIS WAS HENRI DUVAL'S PLOT! THIS WAS THE MEANS FOR HIS ESCAPE...
AIR HOLES?! WHY, HENRI? THE CURSED CHIEN IS DEAD? WHY DOES HE NEED AIR HOLES IN HIS COFFIN?
TO ALLOW FOR EXPANDING GASES, MON AMI!


THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MONTHLY STEAMER'S EXPECTED ARRIVAL, HENRI SLIPPED FROM HIS BARRACKS AND HURRIED TO THE CHAPEL WHERE THE GOVERNOR'S BODY LAY IN STATE IN THE CRUDE COFFIN...

HE STRIPPED THE BODY OF ITS CLOTHES AND DRESSED IT IN HIS GRIMY PRISON UNIFORM...

THEN HE SLASHED AND HACKED THE FACE UNTIL IT WAS UNRECOGNIZABLE...





HAPPILY, HENRI FELT HIS COFFIN LIFTED AND CARRIED OUT OF THE CHAPEL, ACROSS THE COMPOUND, DOWN TO THE PENAL COLONY'S WHARF...

HE LISTENED WITH GLEE TO THE SHRIEK OF THE LINER'S WHISTLE...THE MUFFLED ROAR OF ITS ENGINES. HE FELT THE GENTLE HEAVING AS THE SHIP BACKED OFF FROM THE PIER AND HEADED INTO THE OPEN SEA...
HE CALCULATED THE APPROXIMATE LENGTH OF THE VOYAGE AND REALIZED THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO PUT HIMSELF ON A STRICT RATIONING PROGRAM TO MAKE HIS MEAGER FOOD SUPPLY LAST. IT WAS HOURS LATER BEFORE HE AFFORDED HIMSELF HIS FIRST MORSEL WASHED DOWN BY ONE GULP OF THE TEPID WATER...
AND THAT NIGHT, THE HUMMING SHIP'S ENGINE LULLED HENRI INTO A PEACEFUL SLEEP...
BUT HE WAS AWAKENED RUDELY THE NEXT MORNING AS THE COFFIN WAS LIFTED BRUSQUELY AND CARRIED ON DECK...
WHAT NOW?...
HE LISTENED AS THE ENGINES STOPPED AND ONLY THE GENTLE LAPPING OF THE OCEAN WAVES DRIFTED THROUGH THE CONVENIENT AIR HOLES. AND THEN HE HEARD THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE...DRONING...
...AND SO, IN COMPLIANCE WITH GOVERNOR MILLEUX'S LAST REQUEST...
HENRI'S BLOOD FROZE IN HIS VEINS AS HE FELT THE COFFIN LIFTED TO THE SHIPS RAIL AND SLID FORWARD...OVER IT...
...WE COMMIT THE COFFIN CONTAINING HIS BODY TO THE DEEP... FOR BURIAL AT SEA...
HENRI'S SCREAM WAS CUT SHORT AS THE COFFIN HIT THE TOSSING BRINE AND WATER POURED IN THROUGH THE AIR HOLES, FILLING HIS PINE PRISON...FILLING HIS BLUBBERING MOUTH... FILLING HIS GASPING LUNGS...
YAAAAAAA...GGLUGGKKK...
THE END

A SPECIAL EDITORIAL

THIS IS AN APPEAL FOR ACTION!

THE PROBLEM: Comics are under fire . . . horror and crime comics in particular. Due to the efforts of various "do-gooders" and "do-gooder" groups, a large segment of the public is being led to believe that certain comic magazines cause juvenile delinquency, warp the minds of America's youth, and affect the development of the personalities of those who read them! Among these "do-gooders" are: a psychiatrist who has made a lucrative career of attacking comic magazines, certain publishing companies who do not publish comics and who would benefit by their demise, many groups of adults who would like to blame their lack of ability as responsible parents on comic mags instead of on themselves, and various assorted headline hunters. These people are militant. They complain to local police officials, to local magazine retailers, to local wholesalers, and to their congressmen. They complain and complain and threaten and threaten. Eventually, everyone gets frightened. The newsdealer gets frightened. He removes the books from display. The wholesaler gets frightened. He refuses shipments. The congressmen get frightened . . . November is coming! They start an investigation. This wave of hysteria has seriously threatened the very existence of the whole comic magazine industry.

WE BELIEVE: Your editors sincerely believe that the claim of these crusaders . . . that comics are bad for children . . . is *nonsense*. If we, in the slightest way, thought that horror comics, crime comics, or any other kind of comics were harmful to our readers, we would cease publishing them and direct our efforts toward something else!

And we're not alone in our belief. For example: Dr. David Abrahamsen, eminent criminologist, in his book, "Who Are The Guilty?" says, "Comic books do not lead to crime, although they have been widely blamed for it . . . In my experience as a psychiatrist, I cannot remember having seen one boy or girl who has committed a crime, or who became neurotic or psychotic . . . because he or she read comic books." A group led by Dr. Freda Kehm, Mental Health Chairman of the Ill. Congress of the P. T. A., decided that living room violence has "a decided beneficial effect on young minds." Dr. Robert H. Felix, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, said that horror comic books do not originate criminal behavior in children . . . in a way, the horror comics may do some good . . . children may use fantasy, as stimulated by the "comics" as a means of working out natural feelings of aggressiveness.

We also believe that a large portion of our total readership of horror and crime comics is made up of adults. We believe that those who oppose comics are a small minority. Yet this minority is causing the hysteria. The voice of the *majority* . . . you who buy comics, read them, enjoy them, and are not harmed by them . . . has not been heard!

WHAT YOU MUST DO: Unless you act now, the pressure from this minority may force comics from the American scene. It is members of this minority who threaten the local retailers, who threaten the local wholesalers, who have sent letters to the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency (now investigating the comic industry).

IT IS TIME THAT THE MAJORITY'S VOICE BE HEARD!

It is time that the Senate Subcommittee hears from YOU . . . *each and every one of you!*

If you agree that comics are harmless entertainment, write a letter or a postcard *TODAY* . . . to:

The Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency
United States Senate
Washington 25, D. C.

and in your own words, tell them so. Make it a nice, polite letter! In the case of you younger readers, it would be more effective if you could get your parents to write for you, or perhaps add a P.S. to your letter, as the Senate Subcommittee may not have much respect for the opinions of minors.

Of course, if you or your parents *disagree* with us, and believe that comics ARE bad, let your sentiments be known on that too! The important thing is that the Subcommittee hear from actual comic book readers and/or their parents, rather than from people who never read a comic magazine in their lives, but simply want to destroy them.

It is also important that your local newsdealer be encouraged to continue carrying, displaying, and selling *all kinds* of comics. Speak to him. Have him speak to his wholesaler.

Wherever you can, let your voice and the voices of your parents be raised in protest over the campaign against comics.

But first . . . *right now* . . . please write that letter to the Senate Subcommittee.

Sincerely,
Your grateful editors
(for the whole E. C. Gang)

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Here's my 25¢. Send me entire collection described in this ad—319 all-different stamps—*plus* FREE "Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps." Include, for free examination, your latest Bargain Approvals.

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SQUEEZE PLAY

From the place where he crouched on the metal ladder leading down into the open manhole, Ben Flint's eyes were exactly level with the surface of the street. Gripping the steel rails, Flint leaned forward to scan the paving crew hard at work nearby, spreading hot tar over the road bed. *He'll be here in a minute,* Flint thought to himself, his stomach muscles tightening with nervous expectation. *As soon as the lousy rat rolls up I'm gonna let 'im have it right between the eyes!*

Steam boiled up from the hot tar, while the workmen spread it swiftly . . . Flint's eyes narrowed to keep the top of the steep road in sight. A rumbling noise was heard off in the distance: Flint's right hand tightened spasmodically on the gun held at his side. *That must be the steamroller coming down the hill,* Flint mused, his pulse quickening. *Soon as these guys get outa the way and the roller comes this way, Fletcher is a dead man!*

At the top of the hill, now, the bulky metal monster came into view, its ponderous roller squashing flat the bubbling hot tar in its path. With gathering speed it moved down the hill, while the workers scrambled out of its path. Flint's gun-arm moved nervously across his face, to clear his vision, while he clung to the guard rail with his other hand . . . his eyes narrowed as he peered closely at the man perched on the seat of the steamroller. The red hair and the square-jawed face of the driver were fully in view . . . it was *Fletcher,* all right!

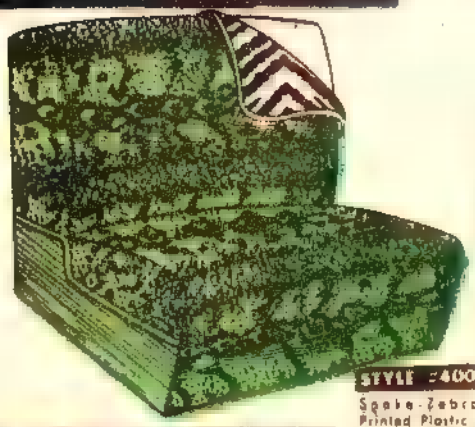
The huge steamroller was thirty yards from him . . . the street workers had moved out of sight, back to the boiling tar cauldron. Flint raised his head slightly, the gun slid upward so that its sight was trained squarely on the driver of the immense juggernaut. Flint slowly counted to three, then he squeezed the trigger.

There was no sound; the silencer had done its work. Thirty yards away the body of the driver slumped forward, the man's head sagging lifelessly on his shoulders. Flint started to descend back into the open manhole, his lips apart in a grimace of triumph. He heard, suddenly, the sound of sewer workers below . . . there were other men down there, coming closer! Men who might testify that he had been attempting to flee from the scene of a murder!

With a gasp of surprise, aware that his plan of escape had been thwarted, Flint leaped up the remaining steps and landed on the hot oozy street surface. Trying desperately to move his feet through the clinging tar, Flint turned and saw the enormous steamroller hurtling towards him.

He screamed just once, then the awful weight of the roller was crashing over his body . . . mashing him into a hideous blob of tortured, squirming, tar-covered flesh. His blood sprayed out like soup from a punctured can; Flint was shattered beyond recognition by the time the driverless roller had crashed into a stone wall at the bottom of the hill, and came to a stop amidst the mournful wail of steam escaping from the mangled boiler.

Zebra-Snake Design



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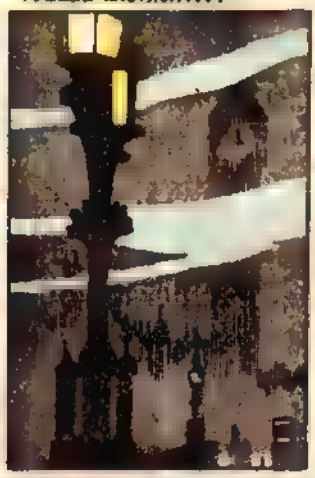
HERE'S A CRAZY, MIXED-UP FRIGHTMARE I CALL . . .

MURDER DREAM

I WANDERED ABOUT THE LONELY LONDON STREETS TONIGHT, CHILLED TO THE MARROW OF MY BONES BY THE DENSE, DANK, CHOKING FOG...

I WAS MORE TIRED THAN I'D EVER BEEN IN MY LIFE, YET I *FEARED SLEEP*. I *FEARED THE DREAM!* SOMEWHERE IN THE VAST, GREY, MISTY SHROUD, BIG BEN TOLLED MIDNIGHT...



AT LAST... TOO EXHAUSTED TO STAND... MY EYES SMARTING... BEGGING FOR REST... I RETURNED TO MY BLEAK HOTEL ROOM...

... UNDRESSED, LEAVING MY CLOTHES WHERE THEY FELL...

...AND SPRAWLED UPON THE BED...

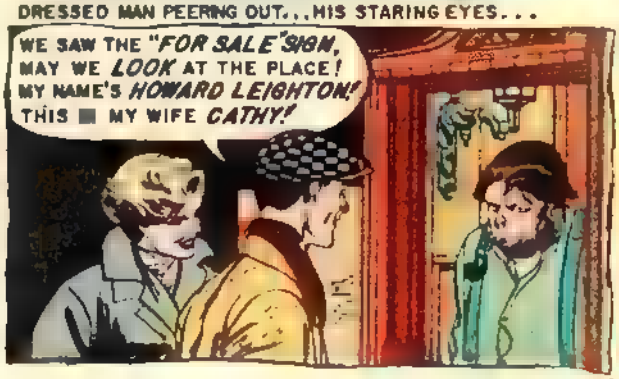
SLEEP CAME AT ONCE... AND THEN THE DREAM... THE DREAD DREAM I'VE HAD FOR THE PAST THREE NIGHTS COMES AGAIN... AND I AM POWERLESS TO STOP IT...

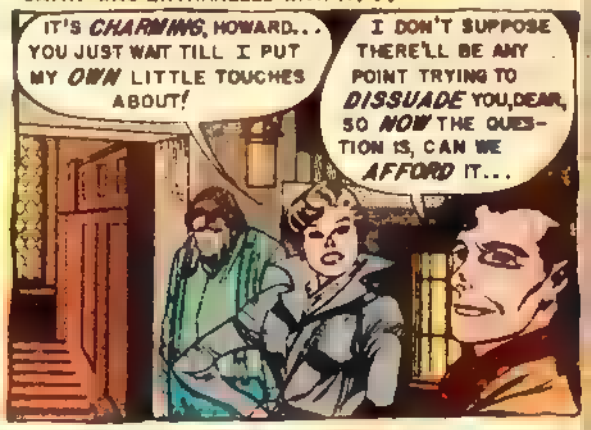
I AM APPROACHING OUR COTTAGE... BAGS IN HAND. I AM RETURNING FROM LONDON, MY AUSTIN PARKED OFF THE ROAD. IT'S ALL *CLEAR*. THE *SOUND* IS SO CLEAR... THE THE *SOUND* OF *CATHY SCREAMING*...

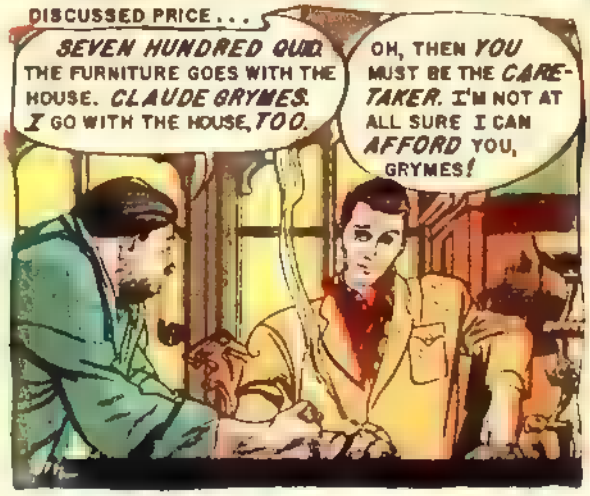
I HEAR IT SO CLEARLY... CATHY'S TERRIFIED HEART-RENDING SCREAM. I'M RUNNING NOW... REACHING OUT TOWARD THE DOOR. I'M CLOSER TO IT THAN I HAVE BEEN IN THE PAST TWO NIGHTS...
I'M COMING, CATHY.

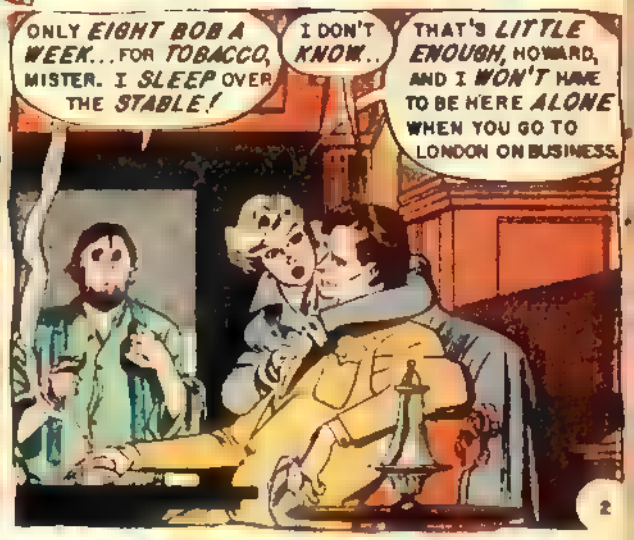
BUT I CAN'T REACH IT! I AWAKEN WITH HER NAME ON MY LIPS, MY BEDCLOTHES DRENCHED WITH COLD SWEAT. I BURY MY FACE IN MY HANDS, SOBBING ALOUD...
CATHY! WHAT IS IT CATHY? WHY AM I DREAMING THIS? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

I TRY TO DRIVE THE DREAM FROM MY MIND. I LIE BACK AND THINK OF THE COTTAGE AND THAT FIRST DAY CATHY LAID EYES UPON IT... STANDING SILENT AND STILL ON THAT BLEAK, WIND-SWEPT MOOR SOME EIGHTY MILES NORTH OF LONDON...
OH, HOWARD! IT'S JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED!
IT IS QUAINT!


HOW I LOVED HER, MY CATHY! HOW I LOVE HER STILL! I REMEMBER THE KNOCKING ON THE COTTAGE DOOR... THE GROAN OF CHAIRSPRINGS INSIDE... THE SLOW PAD OF BOOTS ON CARPETED FLOOR... THE SHABBILY DRESSED MAN PEERING OUT... HIS STARING EYES...
WE SAW THE "FOR SALE" SIGN, MAY WE LOOK AT THE PLACE! MY NAME'S HOWARD LEIGHTON! THIS IS MY WIFE CATHY!

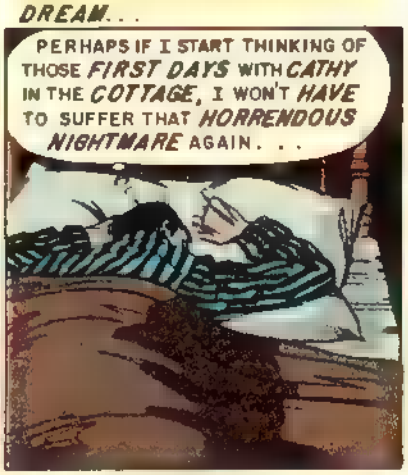

IT WAS A COZY HOUSE, EVIDENTLY NEGLECTED, BUT CATHY WAS ENTHRALLED WITH IT...
IT'S CHARMING, HOWARD... YOU JUST WAIT TILL I PUT MY OWN LITTLE TOUCHES ABOUT!
I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'LL BE ANY POINT TRYING TO DISSUADE YOU, DEAR, SO NOW THE QUESTION IS, CAN WE AFFORD IT...


I REMEMBER HIS EYES BORING INTO MINE AS WE DISCUSSED PRICE...
SEVEN HUNDRED QUID. THE FURNITURE GOES WITH THE HOUSE. CLAUDE GRYMES. I GO WITH THE HOUSE, TOO.
OH, THEN YOU MUST BE THE CARETAKER. I'M NOT AT ALL SURE I CAN AFFORD YOU, GRYMES!


ONLY EIGHT BOB A WEEK... FOR TOBACCO, MISTER. I SLEEP OVER THE STABLE!
I DON'T KNOW..
THAT'S LITTLE ENOUGH, HOWARD, AND I WON'T HAVE TO BE HERE ALONE WHEN YOU GO TO LONDON ON BUSINESS.

EVEN AS MY THOUGHTS RAMBLE ON THROUGH THESE MEMORIES, DARKNESS GIVES WAY TO DAWN. AND SO I RISE, TOO WORN AND HAGGARD TO TEND TO THE BUSINESS THAT BROUGHT ME TO LONDON...

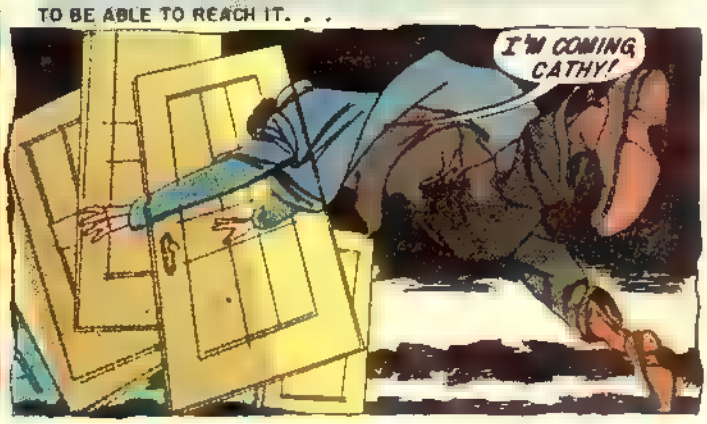
THE DAY PASSES TOO QUICKLY AND IT IS NIGHT ONCE MORE. I AM IN BED AGAIN WAITING... WAITING FOR *SLEEP* TO COME AND THAT *AWFUL AWFUL DREAM*...



CATHY *DID* DO WONDERS WITH THE PLACE, FIXING IT UP. HER HANDS WORKED *MAGIC* WITH THE DECORATING ...THE FLOWER GARDEN. THEN, ONE DAY, THE *LETTER* CAME...

CATHY LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL, SO HAPPY, AS SHE WAVED GOODBYE FROM THE GARDEN. I FELT I LOVED HER MORE AND MORE WITH EACH PASSING DAY...

AWAKENESS GIVES WAY TO SLEEP. MEMORY DRIFTS INTO DREAM... THAT HORRIBLE DREAM AGAIN. I HEAR HER SCREAMING... CATHY'S SCREAMING FROM THE COTTAGE. I'M THERE AGAIN... RACING TOWARD THE DOOR... CLOSER NOW... CLOSER... YET NEVER SEEM TO BE ABLE TO REACH IT...



THE SCREAM ECHOES OVER THE GRIM GREY MOOR... AGONIZED... UNENDING. MY POOR, TERRIFIED SCREAMING CATHY. LORD, HOW I LOVE HER. WITH SUPERHUMAN EFFORT, I HURL MYSELF AGAINST THE DOOR... TWIST THE KNOB... HEAVE MY WEIGHT AGAINST IT...

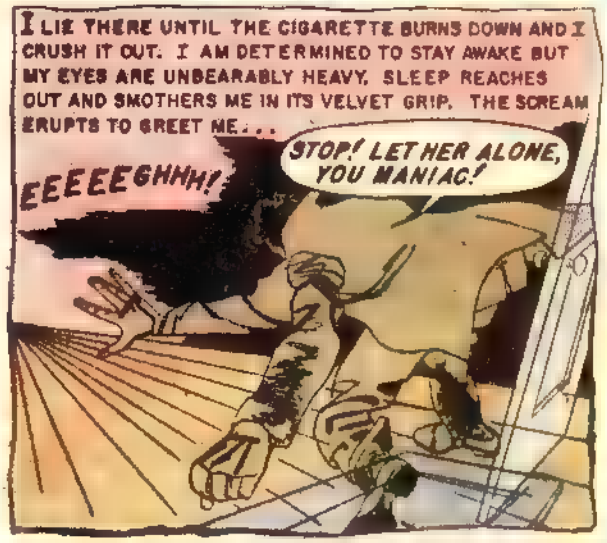
FOR AN INTERMINABLE MOMENT, I AM TORTURED... FRUSTRATED... UNABLE TO BRING MY DREAM-VISION BEYOND THAT POINT. TIME AND MOTION ARE SUSPENDED. I'M BETWEEN WAKEFULNESS AND SLEEP. *I MUST KNOW!* I FLING WIDE THE DOOR... AND BEHOLD A SIGHT MORE HORRIBLE THAN I'VE EVER, IN MY WILDEST NIGHTMARES, IMAGINED...

THE SCREAM FADES. THE DREAM VANISHES. I AM AWAKE, SITTING BOLT-UPRIGHT, CLAWING AT MY FACE, TRYING TO FORCE THE FINISH INTO MY MIND...

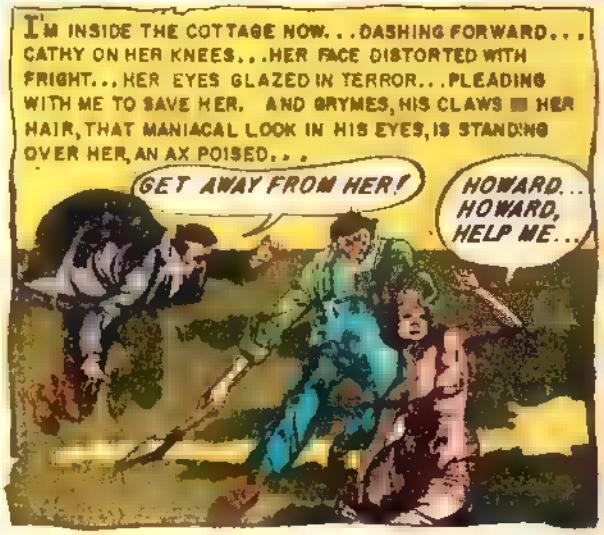
SUDDENLY I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO. THE DREAM IS AN OMEN... A WARNING. I LEAP FROM BED, FUMBLE FOR THE LAMP SWITCH...

BUT MY HAND FALLS AWAY. I SLUMP BACK ONTO THE BED. I REACH FOR MY CIGARETTES IN THE DARKNESS... LIGHT ONE... DRAG DEEPLY... REFLECTING...

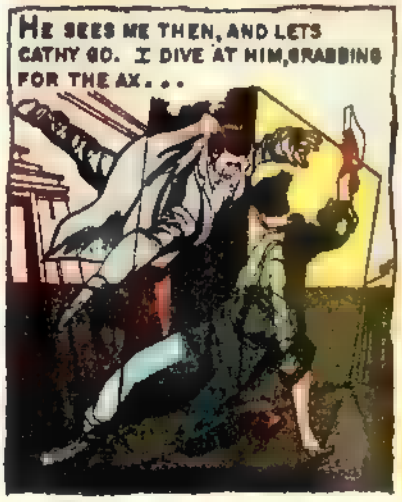
I LIE THERE UNTIL THE CIGARETTE BURNS DOWN AND I CRUSH IT OUT. I AM DETERMINED TO STAY AWAKE BUT MY EYES ARE UNBEARABLY HEAVY. SLEEP REACHES OUT AND SMOTHERS ME IN ITS VELVET GRIP. THE SCREAM ERUPTS TO GREET ME...



I'M INSIDE THE COTTAGE NOW... DASHING FORWARD... CATHY ON HER KNEES... HER FACE DISTORTED WITH FRIGHT... HER EYES GLAZED IN TERROR... PLEADING WITH ME TO SAVE HER. AND GRYMES, HIS CLAWS IN HER HAIR, THAT MANIACAL LOOK IN HIS EYES, IS STANDING OVER HER, AN AX POISED...

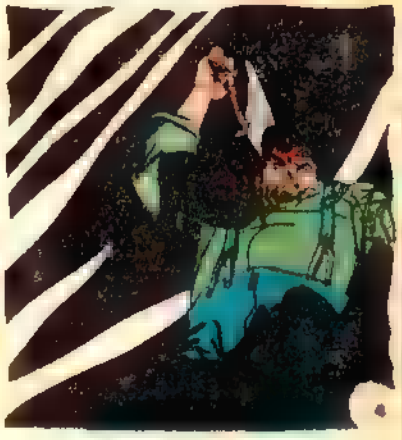


HE SEES ME THEN, AND LETS CATHY GO. I DIVE AT HIM, GRABBING FOR THE AX...



...BUT HIS MADMAN'S STRENGTH SENDS ME SPINNING ACROSS THE ROOM...

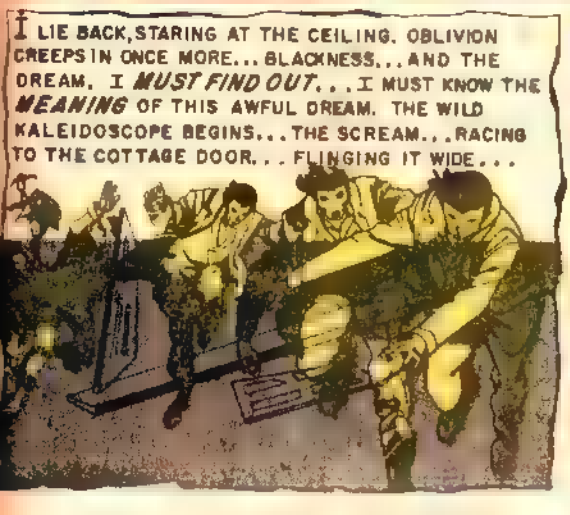
THEN HE COMES AT ME, THE AX HELD HIGH, HIGH...

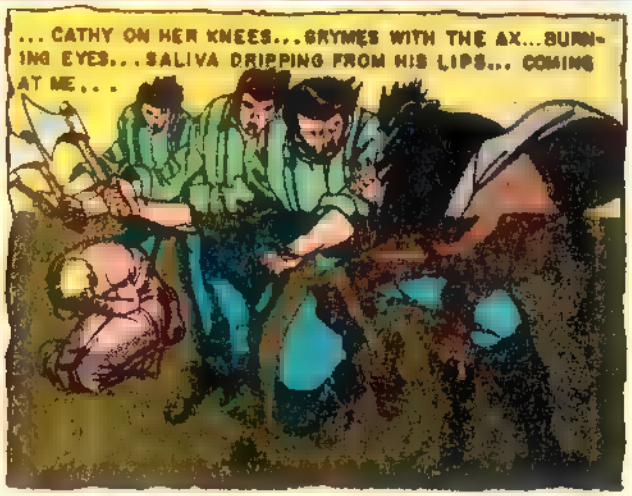


HIS TEETH ARE BARED, SWOLLEN WITH EXERTION. HIS WILD EYES GLEAM. HE GRUNTS AS HE BRINGS THE AX DOWN...

AGAIN CATHY SCREAMS... BUT THIS TIME HER TERROR IS FOR ME...
EEEEEEEAAHHH...

THERE IS A SPLITTING EXPLOSIVE LIGHT. I AM AWAKE, A RINGING IN MY EARS. I SIT UP IN MY SWEAT-DRENCHED BED, SHIVERING. . .
CATHY! THAT FIEND WAS TRYING TO KILL CATHY! AND THEN HE TURNED ON ME! DID HE..? DID HE. . .?


I LIE BACK, STARING AT THE CEILING. OBLIVION CREEPS IN ONCE MORE... BLACKNESS... AND THE DREAM. I MUST FIND OUT. . . I MUST KNOW THE MEANING OF THIS AWFUL DREAM. THE WILD KALEIDOSCOPE BEGINS... THE SCREAM... RACING TO THE COTTAGE DOOR... FLINGING IT WIDE...


... CATHY ON HER KNEES... GRYMES WITH THE AX... BURNING EYES... SALIVA DRIPPING FROM HIS LIPS... COMING AT ME...

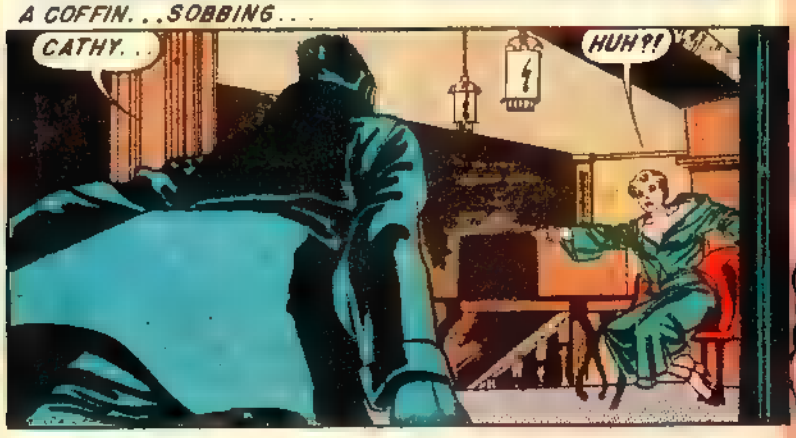
...CATHY'S SCREAM... THE AX FLASHING... GRYMES... HOWARD... BLINDING WHITE... RED... BLACK...

THE SCREAM FADES. LIGHT CREEPS IN. I SEE A COFFIN... CATHY SITTING ON THE FLOOR BESIDE IT... SOBBING... SOBBING. I CAN HEAR HER SOBBING AND I AM THERE, TRYING TO PEER INTO THE COFFIN... TRYING TO SEE. . . TRYING TO SEE WHO'S IN IT. . .
SOB... SOB...

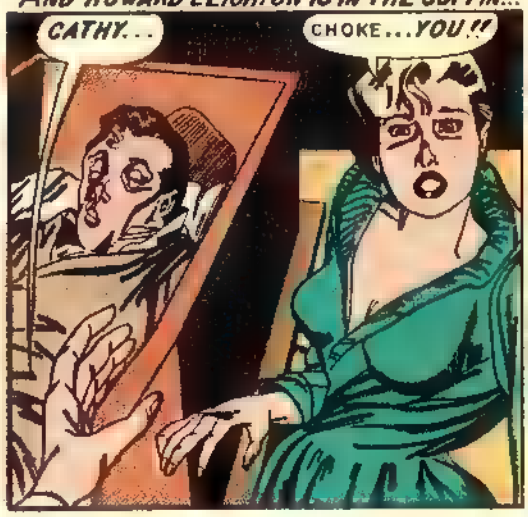
THEN, SUDDENLY, I AM AWAKE AGAIN. FRANTICALLY, I DRESS. . .PACK... CHECK OUT OF THE HOTEL... AND SOON THE MILES ARE FLYING BY BENEATH THE WHEELS OF MY AUSTIN...

I'VE GOT TO *SEE*...*I'VE GOT TO SEE MY CATHY*... *MAKE SURE SHE'S ALL RIGHT!*

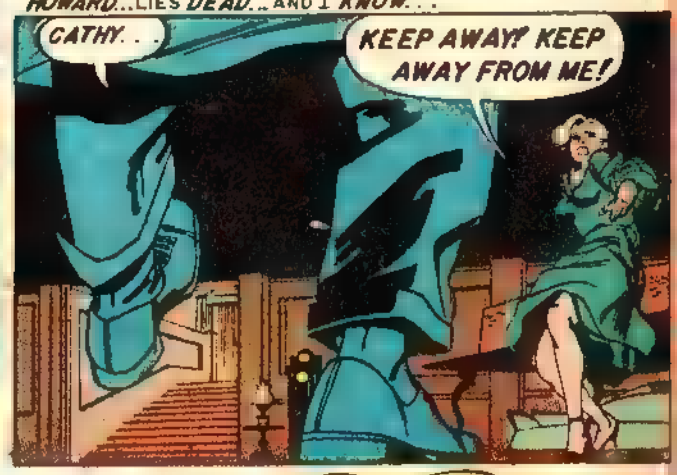
THE SHADOWS OF DAWN DESCEND SILENTLY FROM THE GREY SKY, MEET NEAR THE DANK, BLACK BOG BY RISING WHISPS OF MIST. THE FOG FLOATS LOW AND WRAITHLIKE ABOUT THE COTTAGE AS I QUIT THE CAR AND RUSH IN. *CATHY IS THERE*...*AND JUST AS IN MY DREAM*... *SHE SITS BESIDE A COFFIN*...*SOBBING*...



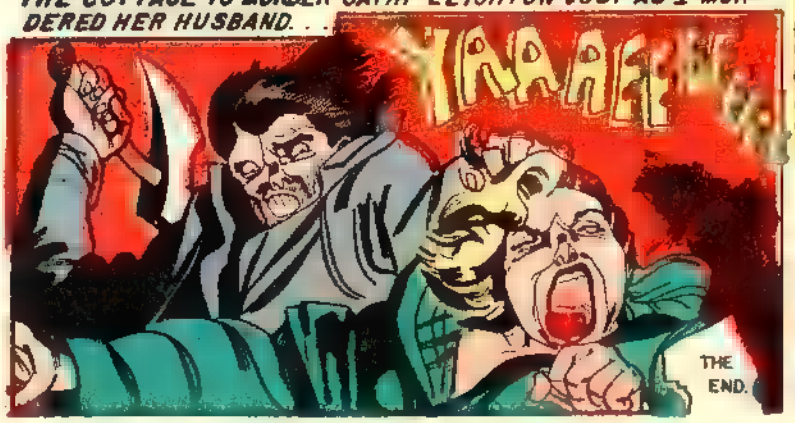
AND HOWARD LEIGHTON IS IN THE COFFIN...



I STAGGER TOWARD HER WITH FALTERING, JERKY STEPS. HER FACE IS TAUT WITH TERROR. HER *HUSBAND*... CATHY'S *HOWARD*...LIES *DEAD*...AND I *KNOW*...



I KNOW THAT I HAVE DREAMED A *MANIAC'S* DREAM. I KNOW THAT *I AM CLAUDE GRYMES*. AND AS THE SCREAMING BEGINS AGAIN AND I HOLD CATHY'S HAIR IN MY STRONG CLAWING HAND, MY AX POISED, I KNOW...OH, LORD...THAT I *CAN'T STOP MYSELF*...THAT I'VE *COME BACK TO THE COTTAGE TO MURDER CATHY LEIGHTON JUST AS I MURDERED HER HUSBAND*...



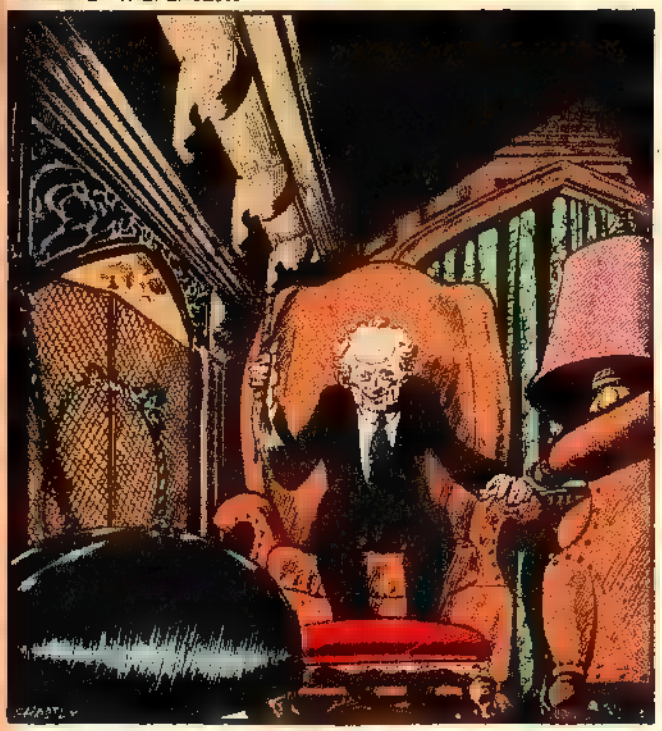
YOU SEE, KIDDIES, HOWARD LEIGHTON *COULDN'T* HAVE BEEN IN LONDON... BECAUSE CLAUDE GRYMES HAD *ALREADY GIVEN HIM THE BUSINESS!* *CLAUDE*...IDIOT THAT HE WAS... JUST *THOUGHT* HE WAS *HOWARD!* *WISHFUL THINKING*, YOU MIGHT SAY. THE MINUTE CLAUDE *SAW* CATHY, HE WENT *OUT OF HIS MIND* OVER HER. WELL, *O.W.* AWAITS WITH HER *PEW-POT* TO DRIVE *YOU* OUT OF *YOUR MIND* WITH ANOTHER OF HER *REEKING RECIPES*, SO I'LL SAY "BYE" FOR *THIS* ISSUE OF MY *MORBID MUCK-MAG*.

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

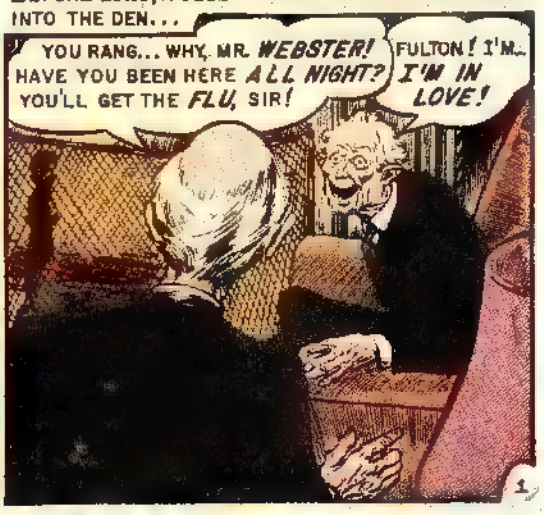
HEE, HEE! HI, HORROR HOOLIGANS! THIS ■ YOUR SHIVER CHEF READY WITH ANOTHER MESS OF MOLDY MORBIDITY FROM MY GRUDDY CAULDRON. IF YOU'LL JUST GLIDE IN ON THE GOOK.. INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR... THE OLD WITCH... YOUR HOSTESS ■ HEAPING HELPINGS OF FOUL FARE... WILL WIND UP C.K.'S MUCK MAG ■ MY USUAL GORY-TELLING MANNER WITH A DELIGHTFUL DISH OF DELIRIUM DELVINGS CALLED...

The Switch

THE COLD MORNING LIGHT PRESSED UP AGAINST THE PINE-PANELED DEN'S ARCHED WINDOWS, REFUSED ENTRANCE BY THE HEAVILY LINED EXPENSIVE DAMASK DRAPES. WITHIN, HUDDLED DEEP IN A HEAVY LEATHER CHAIR THAT HIS AGED BODY HARDLY WARMED, WEALTHY CARLTON WEBSTER SLOWLY STIRRED HIMSELF. HIS WRINKLED FACE CREASED EVEN MORE WITH A PREPOSTEROUS SMILE AND HIS LYMPHATIC BLUE EYES HELD SOME DISTANT DREAM AS HE REACHED FOR THE BELLCORD BESIDE THE ORNATE FIREPLACE...



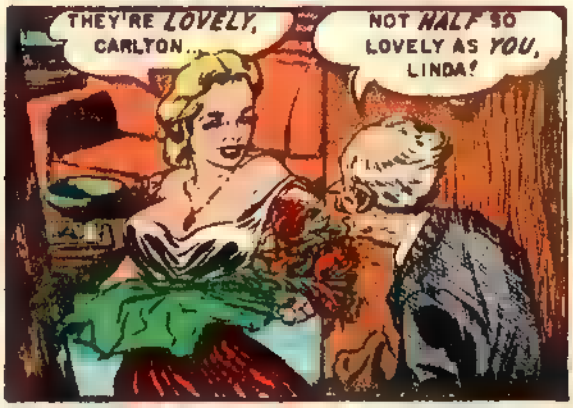
BEFORE LONG, A SLEEPY-EYED BUTLER SHUFFLED INTO THE DEN...



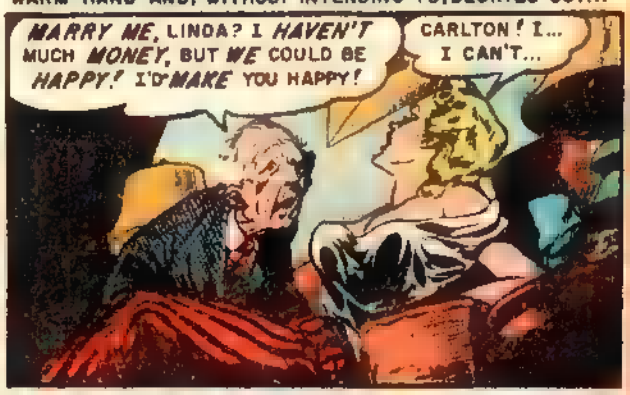
FULTON'S EYES OPENED WIDE AT THIS STARTLING NEWS, AND HE LIT A DESK-LAMP IN ORDER TO SEE HIS EMPLOYER'S FACE. PERHAPS IT WAS SOME KIND OF JOKE...

THE DECREPIT MILLIONAIRE ROSE UNSTEADILY. HE PATTED HIS BUTLER'S SHOULDERS...

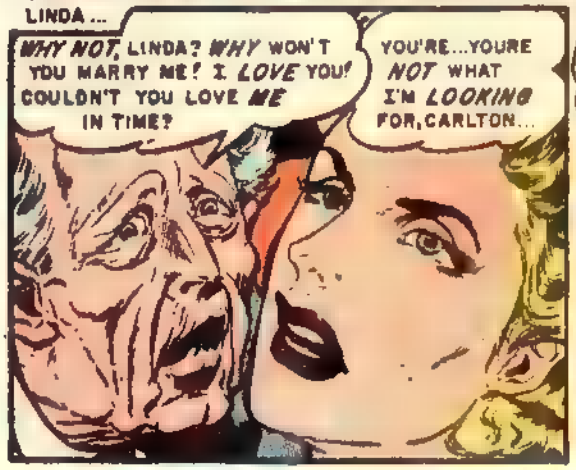
THAT NIGHT CARLTON WEBSTER TOOK AN INEXPENSIVE BOUQUET TO LINDA STEWART'S NEAT FLAT. HER BEAUTIFUL FACE BEAMED GRATEFULLY...



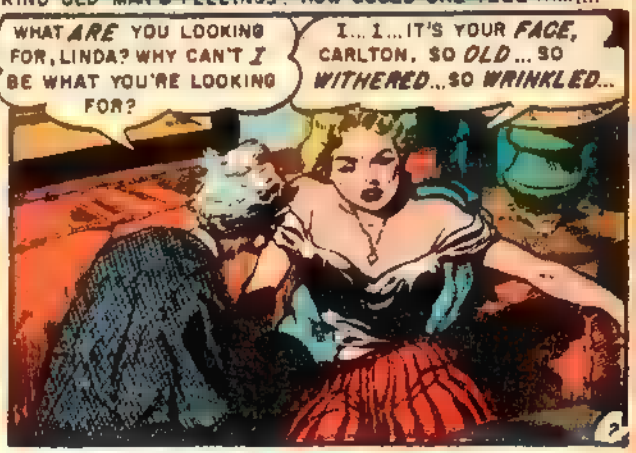
LINDA INVITED CARLTON TO SHARE THE SOFA WITH HER. HE LOOKED LOVINGLY INTO HER GREEN EYES...STUDIED HER SCARLET LIPS...LONGED TO KISS THEM. HE HELD HER WARM HAND AND, WITHOUT INTENDING TO, BLURTED OUT...



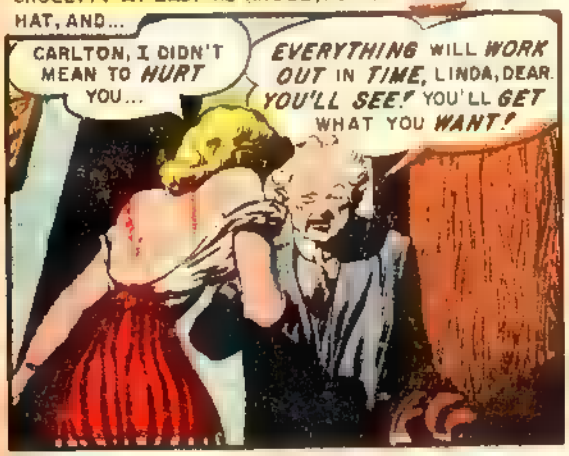
THE OLD MAN'S FACE SAGGED. HE PLEADED WITH LINDA...



LINDA'S MIND RACED. HOW COULD SHE AVOID HURTING THIS KIND OLD MAN'S FEELINGS? HOW COULD SHE TELL HIM?...

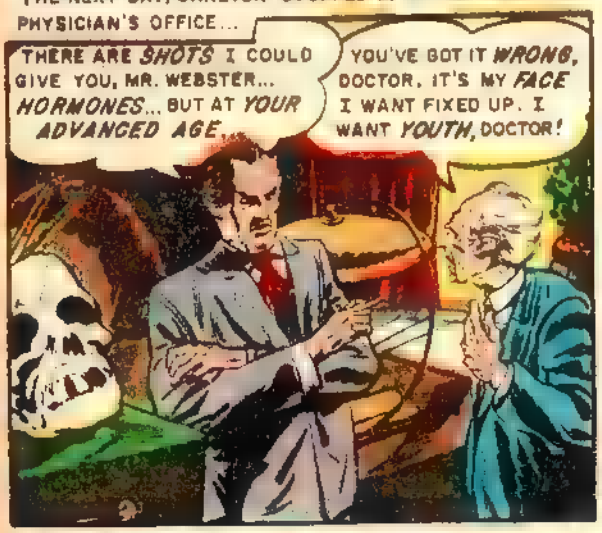


FOR A WHILE, CARLTON SAT IN STONY SILENCE... BROODING...GLUMLY REFLECTING ON NATURE'S CRUELTY. AT LAST HE AROSE, PUT ON HIS COAT AND HAT, AND...

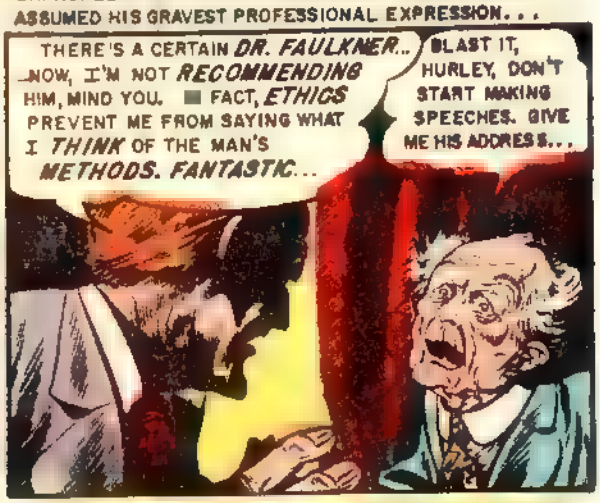


THE IMAGINATION THAT HAD EARNED CARLTON WEBSTER A MILLION DOLLARS HAD NOT DESERTED HIM AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS. AS HE RODE HIS CHAUFFER-DRIVEN CADILLAC BACK TO HIS PALATIAL ESTATE, HE PUFFED THOUGHTFULLY ON A DOLLAR CIGAR AND SAW VISIONS IN ITS LUXURIANT BLUE SMOKE...

THE NEXT DAY, CARLTON STOPPED IN AT HIS HIGH-PRICED PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE...



THE MILLIONAIRE EXPLAINED HIS PREDICAMENT IN DETAIL. DR. HURLEY SAT WITH HIS FINGERTIPS TOUCHING AND ASSUMED HIS GRAVEST PROFESSIONAL EXPRESSION...



WITH SOME DIFFICULTY, CARLTON LOCATED THE CURIOUS STONE HOUSE OF DR. HANS FAULKNER. A THICK-SET NERVOUS LITTLE MAN WITH PRISM-LENSED GLASSES OPENED THE HEAVY DOOR AND PEERED OUT...

THE HINT OF WEALTH SEEMED TO SATISFY THE STRANGE PHYSICIAN. HE LED HIS VISITOR INTO AN UNTIDY, NOT TO SAY UNSTERILE CELLAR LABORATORY. HE LISTENED TO CARLTON'S REQUEST...

THE ASTRONOMICAL FIGURE STAGGERED CARLTON. HE SAT MOPPING HIS BROW AS DOCTOR FAULKNER EXPLAINED..

I TAKE ONLY *FIFTY-THOUSAND* FOR THE OPERATION, MR. WEBSTER. THE *OTHER* ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND IS WHAT IT WILL COST FOR THE *YOUNG MAN!*

YOUNG MAN? WHAT YOUNG MAN?

IF YOU WANT A *COMPLETE NEW FACE*, YOU'LL HAVE TO *GET* IT FROM A *HANDSOME YOUNG MAN, NO?* ACH, DON'T *LOOK* AT ME LIKE I'M *INSANE*. I HAVE *DONE* THIS OPERATION *BEFORE!* NOW, THE YOUNG MAN I HAVE ■ MIND WILL DO *ANYTHING* FOR MONEY. . . A *LOT* OF MONEY!

THAT NIGHT, CARLTON VISITED LINDA ONCE MORE, THEN CAME AWAY REASSURED THAT SHE WAS WELL WORTH THE FABULOUS EXPENDITURE. THEN, HE VISITED THE YOUNG MAN DR. FAULKNER HAD RECOMMENDED...

DR. FAULKNER SAID YOU'D DO *ANYTHING* FOR *MONEY*, MR. BOOTH!

HE OUGHT TO *KNOW!* I DID *PLENTY* FOR *HIM*. WHAT'S THE DEAL?

GEORGE BOOTH, THE YOUNG MAN, SAT IN SILENCE FOR A FULL MINUTE AFTER THE OLD MAN HAD GIVEN HIM. THE DETAILS...

A *HUNDRED AND FIFTY GRAND!* AND ALL I HAVE TO *DO* IS *GIVE UP* THIS *MUSH* OF MINE? WHAT'S IT *GOTTEN* ME ANYWAY? I'VE *ALWAYS* HAD TO *SCRATCH* FOR A BUCK! *OKAY, WEBSTER. IT'S A DEAL!*

SPLENDID! *SPLENDID!*

THE NEXT DAY, THE OLD MILLIONAIRE AND THE YOUNG MAN WENT TO DOCTOR FAULKNER'S CELLAR LABORATORY. EVERYTHING WAS IN READINESS. . .TWO OPERATING TABLES. . . MUCH MEDICAL EQUIPMENT. . . AND THE NECESSARY CERTIFIED CHECKS. . .

HERE YOU ARE, GENTLEMEN! YOUR *MONEY... IN ADVANCE!*

WHAT ABOUT MY *BRAIN*, DOC? I DON'T LOSE THAT, DO I?

NO! YOU KEEP YOUR BRAIN, GEORGE. I ONLY SWITCH THE *SKULL BONE* AND *FLESH COVERING*...

TWO WEEKS LATER, DR. FAULKNER UNVEILED CARLTON WEBSTER'S NEW FACE...

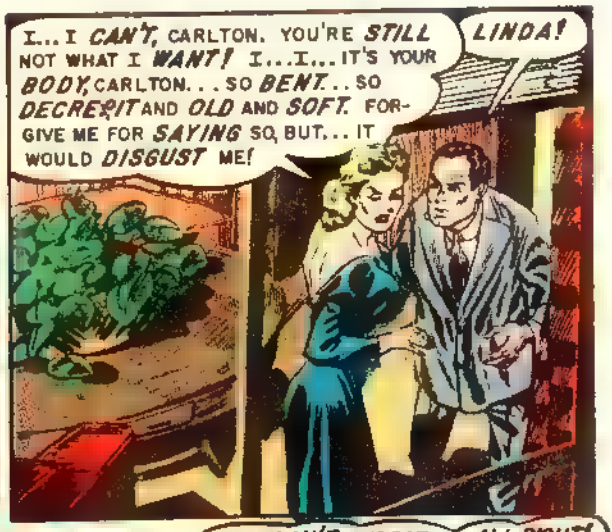
THE OPERATION IS A *COMPLETE SUCCESS!* HERE! LOOK...

WONDERFUL! YOU'RE A *GENIUS*, DOCTOR! WAIT TILL LINDA SEES ME *NOW!*

DR. FAULKNER SMILED EVILY...

OH, BY THE WAY! I TOLD GEORGE BOOTH TO *LET ME KNOW* IF HE *MOVES*. WE SHOULD HAVE HIS *NEW ADDRESS* ■ CASE WE...ER...MIGHT *NEED* HIM AGAIN. . . *EH?*

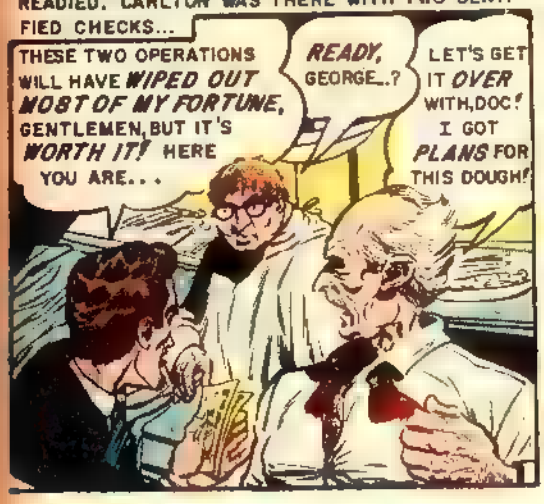
SOON, CARLTON RUSHED TO LINDA'S APARTMENT...



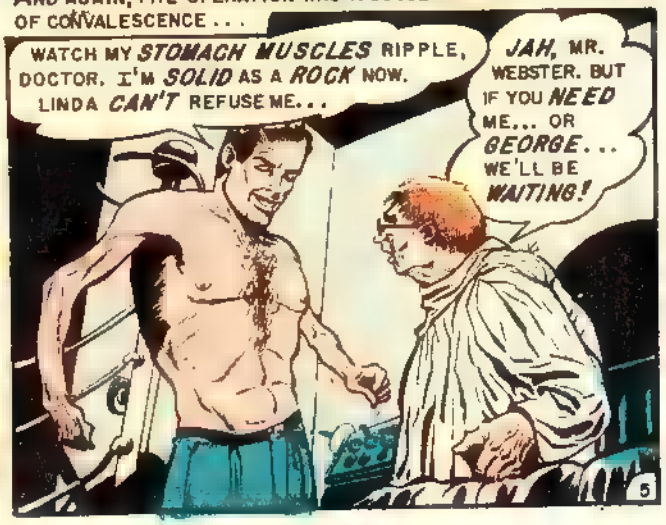
CARLTON TURNED TO GO... FRUSTRATED –

AND SO, AGAIN, CARLTON WEBSTER WENT TO SEE DR. FAULKNER...

AND SO, AGAIN THE CELLAR LABORATORY WAS READIED. CARLTON WAS THERE WITH TWO CERTIFIED CHECKS...



AND AGAIN, THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS. AFTER A MONTH OF CONVALESCENCE...



THAT AFTERNOON, CARLTON TOOK LINDA TO THE BEACH TO SHOW OFF HIS STRONG MUSCULAR BODY. . .

I CAN'T GET *OVER* IT, CARLTON. HOW IS IT *POSSIBLE* TO GET IN SUCH *WONDERFUL SHAPE* IN SUCH A *SHORT TIME?* THAT *DOCTOR FRIEND* OF YOURS?..

THAT'S MY *SECRET,* LINDA. SO YOU *LIKE* THE WAY I LOOK NOW..

LINDA LEANED TOWARDS CARLTON, HER MOIST LIPS INVITING...

YOU LOOK FINE TO ME, CARLTON. FINE...

OH, DARLING...

LINDA SHUDDERED AS CARLTON HELD HER...

NO, CARLTON! *PLEASE... DON'T!* YOU'RE *NOT* WHAT I *WANT!*

LINDA! MARRY ME!

NO, CARLTON! *NO!* I *CAN'T!* I *WON'T!* IT'S... IT'S...JUST *LOOK* AT THOSE *SCRAWNY ARMS*... AN *OLD MAN'S* ARMS... AND YOUR *LEGS*...*SPINDLY*.. *KNOTTY*... FULL OF *VARICOSE VEINS*..

LINDA! FOR *GOD'S SAKE*...!

CARLTON'S HANDSOME FACE GREW TAUT, HIS THICK BRAWNY CHEST HEAVED WITH ANGRY BREATHING...

WHAT DO YOU *WANT* IN A MAN, LINDA? WILL *NOTHING* SATISFY YOU?

I *KNOW* WHAT I WANT, CARLTON. I *KNOW!* YOU'RE... YOU'RE JUST *NOT IT!*

CARLTON STOOD UP, STUDYING HIS SLENDER ARMS WITH THEIR SAGGING SKIN...HIS VEINED OLD MAN'S LEGS...

YOU'LL *GET* WHAT YOU WANT, LINDA! I *PROMISE*...

I *HOPE* SO, CARLTON! *I HOPE SO*...

CARLTON LOOKED AT LINDA IN ALL HER BEAUTY AND HE LONGED FOR HER, HIS YOUTHFUL BODY SURGING WITH DESIRE. AND SO...LATER...

ARMS AND *LEGS,* EH, MR. WEBSTER? *GEORGE* WILL WANT *TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND*...

IT'S *EVERY CENT* I HAVE *LEFT!* I'LL BE *BANKRUPT!* BUT...FOR *LINDA*...IT'S *WORTH IT!*

RECOVERY WAS QUICKER THIS TIME...TWO WEEKS. AS CARLTON DRESSED TO LEAVE THE SANITARIUM THAT FINAL DAY, HE SMILED SADLY...

I'M A *POOR MAN* NOW, DR. FAULKNER!

POOR, YES...BUT *PERFECT!* SUCH *ARMS*...SUCH *LEGS*... SUCH A *BODY*. YOU ARE AN *ADONIS* NOW.

SHEER HAPPINESS SPREAD OVER CARLTON'S FACE. HE CLASPED THE DOCTOR'S HAND...

YES! THE *MONEY* BROUGHT ME *NO HAPPINESS*. NOW I'M *YOUNG*... *STRONG*...*HANDSOME!* I'M *WHAT LINDA WANTED NOW*...

GO TO YOUR LOVELY YOUNG WOMAN, HERR WEBSTER. *GOOD-BYE*... AND *GOOD LUCK!*

CARLTON FAIRLY FLEW TO LINDA'S APARTMENT...

LINDA...I... WHERE'S LINDA STEWART?

MOVED...UPTOWN... HERE'S HER NEW ADDRESS!

CARLTON RUSHED UPTOWN. LINDA'S NEW APARTMENT HOUSE WAS ONE OF THOSE LUXURIENT NEW ONES. HE HAMMERED ON HER PENTHOUSE DOOR...

CARLTON!?

LOOK, LINDA! I'M A *COMPLETELY NEW MAN!* I'M THE WAY YOU *WANTED* ME! YOU'VE *GOT* TO *MARRY* ME *NOW!*

LINDA LAUGHED...

I *NEVER* WANTED YOU, CARLTON... *EITHER* WAY...*YOUNG OR OLD!* BUT I *COULDN'T* TELL YOU THE *TRUTH!* AND I *CAN'T* MARRY YOU! I *AM MARRIED*.

YOU'RE... *MARRIED?!* BUT...OH, *NO!*

THE OLD MAN DODDERED INTO THE SWANK LIVING ROOM...WITH CARLTON'S ARMS AND CARLTON'S LEGS AND CARLTON'S HEAD AND CARLTON'S BODY...

THAT'S WHAT I WANTED, CARLTON! A *MILLIONAIRE* TO MARRY! I *TRIED* TO *DISCOURAGE* YOU...BECAUSE I *KNEW* YOU WERE *POOR!* LAST WEEK I *FOUND* MY MILLIONAIRE! THIS IS *GEORGE BOOTH*... MY HUSBAND...

GOOD LORD!

HEE, HEE! NOW *THERE'S* A *SWITCH*, EH, KIDDIES? A *COMPLETE* SWITCH! *LINDA ENDED UP* MARRYING *EVERYTHING* CARLTON *HAD* IN THE VERY *BEGINNING*. HE COULD'VE SAVED HIMSELF THE *TROUBLE*. OH, WELL...THAT'S WHAT *HAPPENS* WHEN YOU *GO TO PIECES* OVER A *DAME*. WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN *THE VAULT OF HORROR* WITH *MORE BLOOD-CURDLING TIDBITS*. TILL THEN, THIS IS *THE OLD WITCH*, REMINDING YOU TO *SAVE* YOUR *BODIES* FOR A *RAINY DAY!* IT'S *EASIER TO DIG IN MUD!* BYE!

CAR BURNING OIL?

Engineer's Discovery Stops it Quick

Without A Cent For Mechanical Repairs!

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Just squeeze Power-Seal out of the tube into your motor's cylinders through the spark plug openings. It will spread over pistons, piston rings and cylinder walls as your engine runs and it will PLATE every surface with a smooth, shiny, metallic film *that won't come off!* No amount of pressure can scrape it off. No amount of heat can break it down. It fills the cracks, scratches and scorings caused by engine wear. It closes the gap between worn piston rings and cylinders with an automatic self-expanding seal that stops oil pumping, stops gas blow-by and restores compression. No more piston slapping; no more engine knocks. You get more power, speed, mileage.

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TRY IT FREE!

You don't risk a penny. Prove to yourself that Power-Seal will make your car run like new. Put it in your engine on 30 days' Free Trial. If you are not getting better performance out of your car than you thought possible—if you have not stopped oil burning and have not increased gas mileage—return the empty tube and get your money back in full.

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	Cyl. 1	Cyl. 2	Cyl. 3	Cyl. 4	Cyl. 5	Cyl. 6
BEFORE	90 lbs.	90 lbs.	105 lbs.	90 lbs.	80 lbs.	100 lbs.
AFTER	115 lbs.	115 lbs.	117 lbs.	115 lbs.	115 lbs.	115 lbs.

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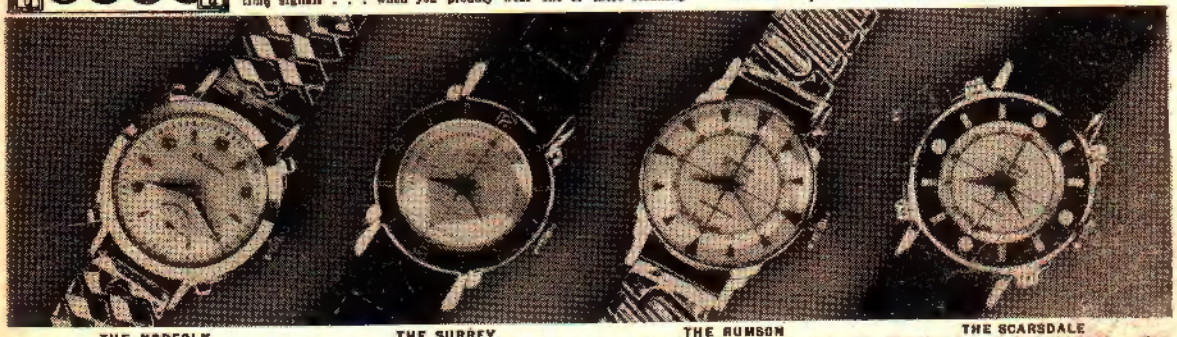
Watch Import Division, 352 Fourth Ave., N.Y. 10, N.Y.



THE NORFOLK
Rich looking Natural Gold color—with matching Metal-Flex band. Jeweled. Anti-magnetic. Strikingly different, thin styling. Natural Gold color numerals, hands. A superb dress watch and one designed to stand up under heavy sports, knockabout use!

THE SURREY
Distinctive, ultra-modern Natural Gold color—with newest vogue Black Suede band. Ideal for town AND country wear! Sparkling ebony color numerals AROUND cast rim. Jeweled, Anti-magnetic. Sweep second hand. A watch for the man of discrimination!

THE RUMSON
Superbly styled Natural Gold color—with smart Metal-Flex, Natural Gold color band. Jeweled, Anti-magnetic. Vermillion-tipped Sweep second hand. Thin styling for formal wear; durably constructed for hard, everyday use. A truly fine man's watch!

THE SCARSDALE
Gleaming Natural Gold and Nickle color—with latest stitched Black Suede band. Jeweled, Anti-magnetic, Sweep second hand. A new concept in a man's watch—its thin, streamlined, tasteful design gives the appearance of a much more expensive timepiece!

THE NASSAU
An ideal watch for the active woman—at work and play! Rich Natural Gold color—with dainty yet sturdy Nylon cord & metal strap. Luminous hands, numerals; Sweep second hand; Jeweled; Anti-magnetic. Feminine looking and long-wearing!

THE BRIARCLIFF
Petite, sort and plenty pretty! Natural Gold color—with lovely contrasting black face, Natural Gold color hands and numerals. Dainty, white-stitched Black Suede band. Jeweled, Anti-magnetic, Sweep second hand. A strikingly different watch design!

THE ARDMORE
A completely feminine timepiece in Natural Gold color, with genuine black leather band. Latest thin styling. Natural Gold color hands, numerals & Sweep second hand. Jeweled, Anti-magnetic. A charming watch that may be worn with elan in daytime or evening!

THE BIRTHMONTH
Stunning dress watch in Natural Gold color—handsome band with 2 Simulated Birthstones and 18 sparkling rhinestones! (Mention your birthmonth when ordering). Luminous hands & numerals, Jeweled, Anti-magnetic, Sweep second hand. An expensive looking timepiece!

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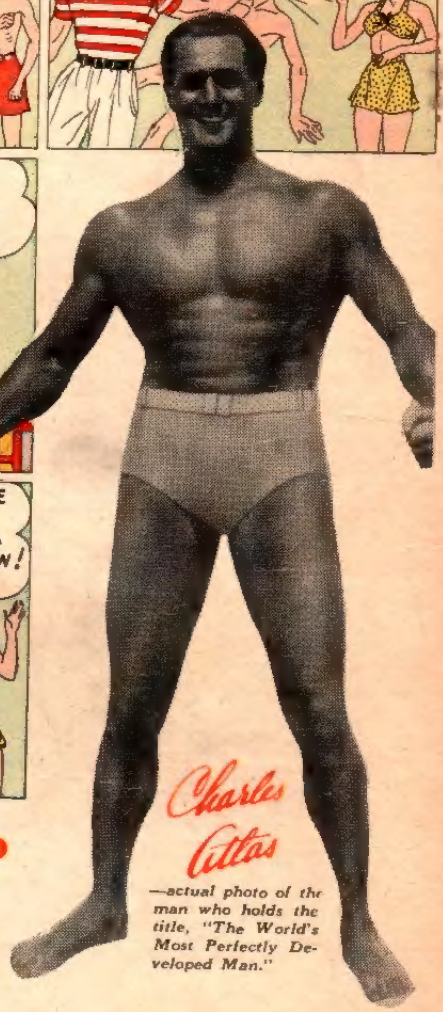

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